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Miscellany.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

LORD BYRON'S NEW TRAGEDY OF FOSCARI.

The arrival of three new tragedies in this country, from Lord Byron, has already been announced by us in our literary notices, but whether or not they be intended for immediate publication, is a point which we are quite unable to decide. The names of these dramas have not as yet publicly transpired, although they have been whispered abroad during the last fortnight, pretty generally, in fashionable blue-stocking routs and select literary coteries. The hero of one of these pieces is said to be Foscari, son of the doge of that name, who was unjustly banished by the Venetian senate, after having been cruelly tortured, for a crime of which he appears to have been entirely innocent. Rogers, in his *Pleasures of Memory*, thus alludes to the catastrophe:—

“Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot’s sigh,
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die;
For this young Foscari, whose hapless fate
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate;
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow’s long soliloquies a prey;
When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,
For this he roused her sanguinary laws;
Glad to return, tho’ hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hailed him to the shore.”

Aware that a notice of any subject which has employed the pen of Lord Byron cannot fail of proving interesting to our readers, we hasten to lay before them some account of the circumstances from which his lordship’s tragedy of Foscari will, in all probability, have been constructed. A multiplicity of allusions to this melancholy story are to be met with in the volumes of the various historians and travellers who have made Venice the subject of their disquisitions; but the most copious and correct version of the circumstances will be found in Dr. Moore’s *Travels in Italy*, from which we have principally derived the materials for the following notice:—

The government of Venice have ever been proverbially severe in the execution of their laws, without respect either to the rank or situation of the supposed delinquent; and, in order that they might be carried into effect with the utmost rigour, they appointed magistrates, whose particular province it was to see that the judges did not exhibit, towards the presumed culprit, the slightest marks of clemency or indulgence. In the case of the council from whom Foscari received his condemnation, however, the situa-

tions of these superinducers of relentless severity would seem to have been sinecures; for the inflexibility of the Venetian senate needed no spur on this memorable occasion.

Foscari, son of the doge of that name, having offended the senate of Venice by the commission of some juvenile imprudences in that city, was, by their orders, put into temporary confinement at Treviso; when Almor Donato, one of the Council of Ten, was assassinated on the 5th of November, 1750, as he entered his own house.

A reward, in ready money, with pardon for that and any other crime, and a pension of two hundred ducats, revertible to children, was promised to any person who should be the means of bringing the perpetrator of this crime to justice. No such discovery, however, resulted from this proposal.

The apprehension of Foscari and one of his servants, upon the slightest and most unsatisfactory evidence, was the next step of the council. This young nobleman's footman had been observed loitering near Donato's palace on the night of the murder; conscious, probably, that this solitary circumstance would give rise to his apprehension, and, dreading the unappeasable fury of his judges, Olivier (for that was the man's name) fled from Venice the next morning. This act, combined with other trifling coincidences, created a strong suspicion, that Foscari had employed his servant to commit the murder.

After seizing Olivier, and putting him to the most cruel tortures, without extracting from him any thing but repeated protestations of his total ignorance of the transaction, the Council of Ten cited his master Foscari before them, and treated him in the same barbarous and unjustifiable manner. His assertions of innocence, while under the endurance of the rack, were but slightly attended to by his merciless judges. "They convinced (says Dr. Moore) the court of his firmness, but, by no means, of his innocence." Still, however, they could not sentence to death the son of one of the noblest families in Venice, without something like a legal proof of his guilt. They accordingly satisfied their thirst of vengeance for the assassination of their colleague, by banishing him to Canéa, in the island of Candia.

With the Romeo of our immortal poet, banishment from his family and friends would appear to have been considered by Foscari as a punishment to which death had been preferable; although we do not learn that he left behind him any fair Juliet, whose lamentations embittered still farther a doom already sufficiently severe. We trust, however, that his lordship will, with his usual discrimination, have supplied a feature which could not fail of conducing, in an important degree, to the interest of his tragedy, for, as he himself has sagaciously remarked of women,

"All know, without the sex, our sonnets
Would seem unfinish'd, like their untrimm'd bonnets."

But, to proceed with our relation:—"The unfortunate youth (says the author of Zeleuco) bore his exile with more impatience than he had done the rack; he often wrote to his relations and friends, praying them to intercede in his behalf, that the term of his banishment might be abridged, and that he might be permitted to return to his family before he died. All these applications were fruitless; those to whom he addressed himself had never interfered in his favour, for fear of giving offence to the obdurate council, or had interfered in vain."

At the end of five years' exile, having given up all hope of return through the intercession of his own family or countrymen, he wrote to the Duke of Milan, reminding him of services rendered to that prince by his father, and urging him to exert his powerful influence with the government of Venice, to obtain a remission of his sentence. This letter was entrusted to a mer-

chant journeying from Canéa to that capital, who, instead of forwarding it, as he had faithfully promised to the duke on his arrival at Venice, treacherously laid it before the chiefs of the Council of Ten.

It should here be premised, that, by the laws of the Venetian republic, its subjects were strictly enjoined, under the severest penalties, from applying secretly, or otherwise, for the protection of foreign princes, in any matters referring to the decisions of their own court of judicature. The consequence of the infringement of this edict in young Foscari, was, that he was immediately remanded from Candia, and incarcerated in the prison for state criminals at Venice; from whence, by an unwarrantable stretch of the prerogative of his judges, he was once more brought up to be put to the torture, in order to elicit from him the motives by which he had been actuated, in addressing the Duke of Milan.

In answer to this inquiry, he declared, that, conscious of the perfidy of his messenger, as well as of the punishment that would, in all probability, follow his offence, in endeavouring to conciliate the good offices of a foreign prince; he had, in a fit of despair, addressed the Duke of Milan, as he foresaw that it would occasion his removal to Venice; the only opportunity that was ever likely to be afforded him of obtaining an interview with his relatives and friends: a consummation which he protested he most ardently desired, although it were only to be purchased by his death.

This act of filial piety availed him but little with his inquisitors. He was ordered back to Candia, there to remain in close confinement for the space of one year; besides which, his banishment from Venice to that place was made perpetual, and a threat held out to him, that if he solicited again in any way, either directly or indirectly, the aid of foreign princes, his imprisonment should only terminate with his life.

The father of Foscari had filled the office of doge for thirty years; but, notwithstanding the influence which so exalted a situation ought to have created for him with the senate, in a case of such flagrant injustice as the condemnation of his son, (without any proof, or even reasonable grounds for suspecting him of the offence which had been laid to his charge,) he was unable to obtain from the council any remission of the young man's punishment. He, however, visited his son in the palace wherein he was confined during his stay at Venice, and, deploring in the most moving terms his inability to serve him, exhorted him to bear with fortitude the evil, however severe and undeserved, for which there was no remedy. The scene of Foscari's interview with his parents, for his mother was also present at this meeting, has, we doubt not, been pathetically dwelt upon by Lord Byron. "His son replied, (says Dr. Moore,) that he was incapable of attending to the advice of his father; that, however others could support the dismal loneliness of a prison, he could not; that his heart was formed for friendship and the reciprocal endearments of private life, without which his soul sank into dejection worse than death, from which alone he should look for relief, if he should again be confined to the horrors of a prison; and melting into tears, he sunk at his father's feet, imploring him to take compassion on a son who had ever loved him with the most dutiful affection, and who was perfectly innocent of the crime of which he was accused; he conjured him by every bond of nature and religion, by the bowels of a father and the mercy of a Redeemer, to use his influence with the council to mitigate the sentence, that he might be saved from the most cruel of all deaths, that of expiring under the slow tortures of a broken heart, in a horrible banishment from every creature he loved."

This affecting appeal rendered the grief of the unhappy father still more acute, who was well aware how fruitless would be his endeavours in his son's behalf. Unable to support the anguish of a separation under such dis-

troubling circumstances, the old man sunk into a state of insensibility, from which he did not recover until the vessel, that was to bear his son once more into exile, had spread its sails for Candia. The grief of his aged consort has been movingly described by those who have taken upon themselves the record of this melancholy history. The overwhelming misery of these unfortunate parents, interested, at length, one or two of the most powerful of the senators; who applied with so much earnestness for the pardon of the young Foscari, that they were on the point of accomplishing their object, when information arrived from Candia, that the noble hearted youth had expired in prison, a few months after his return.

It was not until some time had elapsed that the real murderer was discovered. Nicholas Erizzo, a Venetian of high rank, being a few years afterwards upon his death-bed, confessed that in revenge for a supposed affront, put upon him by the senator Donato, he had committed the assassination for which Foscari had, in a great measure, undergone the penalty.

Before this disclosure took place, the sorrows of the aged doge were at an end. He died a few months after his son. Although he is said to have relied confidently upon the innocence of his child, it is much to be deplored that he did not live until the odious stigma, which had been attached to his name and memory, was thus effectually removed.

Such is the story which Lord Byron is said to have employed in the construction of one of his forthcoming tragedies. It is a subject which, however deficient it may be as it respects variety of incident, is nevertheless much more worthy of poetical illustration than the tiresome fretfulness of the superannuated doge, Faliero.

Besides a tragedy entitled Cain, and another, the name of which has not transpired, we have reason to believe that a translation of Pulci, by Lord Byron, has been received in this country for publication.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

WITCHES AND OTHER NIGHT-FEARS.

We are too hasty when we set down our ancestors in the gross for fools, for the monstrous inconsistencies (as they seem to us) involved in their creed of witchcraft. In the relations of this visible world we find them to have been as rational, and shrewd to detect an historic anomaly, as ourselves. But when once the invisible world was supposed to be opened, and the lawless agency of bad spirits assumed, what measures of probability, of decency, of fitness, or proportion—of that which distinguishes the likely from the palpable absurd—could they have to guide them in the rejection or admission of any particular testimony?—That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire—that corn was lodged, and cattle lamed—that whirlwinds uptore in diabolic revelry the oaks of the forest—or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful-innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen when no wind was stirring—were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood. That the prince of the powers of darkness, passing by the flower and pomp of the earth, should lay preposterous siege to the weak fantasy of indigent eld—has neither likelihood nor unlikelihood *a priori* to us, who have no measure to guess at his policy, or standard to estimate what rate those anile souls may fetch in the devil's market. Nor when the wicked are expressly symbolized by a goat, was it to be wondered at so much, that *he* should come sometimes in that body, and assert his metaphor.—That the intercourse was opened at all between both worlds was perhaps the mistake—but that once assumed, I see no reason for disbelieving one attested story of this nature more than another.

on the score of absurdity. There is no law to judge of the lawless, or canon by which a dream may be criticised.

I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed in the days of received witchcraft; that I could not have slept in a village where one of those reputed hags dwelt. Our ancestors were bolder or more obtuse. Amidst the universal belief that these wretches were in a league with the author of all evil, holding hell tributary to their muttering, no simple Justice of the Peace seems to have scrupled issuing, or silly Headborough serving, a warrant upon them—as if they should subpoena Satan!—Prospero in his boat, with his books and wand about him, suffers himself to be conveyed away at the mercy of his enemies to an unknown island. He might have raised a storm or two, we think on the passage. His acquiescence is in exact analogy to the non-resistance of witches to the constituted powers.—What stops the Fiend in Spenser from tearing Guyon to pieces—or who had made it a condition of his prey, that Guyon must take essay of the glorious bait—we have no guess. We do not know the laws of that country.

From my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch-stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's book-closet, the History of the Bible, by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds—one of the ark, in particular, and another of Solomon's temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish attention. There was a picture too, of the Witch raising up Samuel, which I wish that I had never seen. We shall come to that hereafter. Stackhouse is in two huge tomes—and there was a pleasure in removing folios of that magnitude, which, with infinite straining, was as much as I could manage from the situation which they occupied upon an upper shelf. I have not met with the work from that time to this, but I remember it consisted of Old Testament stories, orderly set down, with the *objection* appended to each story, and the *solution* of the objection regularly tacked to that. The *objection* was a summary of whatever difficulties had been opposed to the credibility of the history, by the shrewdness of ancient and modern infidelity, drawn up with an almost complimentary excess of candour. The *solution* was brief, modest and satisfactory. The bane and antidote were both before you. To doubts so put, and so quashed, there seemed to be an end for ever. The dragon lay dead, for the foot of the veriest babe to trample on. But—like as was rather feared than realized from that slain monster in Spenser—from the womb of those crushed errors, young dragonets would creep, exceeding the prowess of so tender a St. George as myself to vanquish. The habit of expecting objections to every passage, set me upon starting more objections, for the glory of finding a solution of my own for them. I became staggered and perplexed, a sceptic in long coats. The pretty Bible stories which I had read, or heard read in church, lost their purity and sincerity of impression, and were turned into so many historic or chronologic theses to be defended against whatever impugnors. I was not to disbelieve them, but—the next thing to that—I was to be quite sure that some one or other would, or had disbelieved them. Next to making a child an infidel, is the letting him know that there are infidels at all. Credulity is the man's weakness, but the child's strength. O, how ugly sound Scriptural doubts from the mouth of a babe and a suckling!—I should have lost myself in these mazes, and have pined away, I think, with such unfit sustenance as these husks afforded, but for a fortunate piece of ill-fortune, which about this time befel me. Turning over the picture of the ark with too much haste, I unhappily made a breach in its ingenious fabric—driving my inconsiderate fingers right

through the two larger quadrupeds—the elephant and the camel—that stare (as well they might) out of the two last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. Stackhouse was henceforth locked up, and became an interdicted treasure. With the book, the *objections* and *solutions* gradually cleared out of my head, and have seldom returned since in any force to trouble me.—But there was one impression which I had imbibed from Stackhouse, which no lock or bar could shut out, and which was destined to try my childish nerves rather more seriously!—That detestable picture!

I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night-time solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh or eighth year of my life—so far as memory serves in things so long ago—without an assurance, which realized its own prophecy, of seeing some frightful spectre. Be old Stackhouse then acquitted in part, if I say that to his picture of the Witch raising up Samuel—(O that old man covered with a mantle!) I owe—not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infancy—but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sate upon my pillow—a sure bed-fellow, when my aunt or my maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation, and at night (if I may use so bold an expression) awoke into sleep, and found the vision true. I durst not, even in the day-light, once enter the chamber where I slept, without my face turned to the window, aversely from the bed where my witch-ridden pillow was.—Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice—when they wake screaming—and find none to soothe them—what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves! The keeping them up till midnight, through candle-light and the unwholesome hours, as they are called,—would, I am satisfied, in a medical point of view, prove the better caution.—That detestable picture, as I have said, gave the fashion to my dreams—if dreams they were—for the scene of them was invariably the room in which I lay. Had I never met with the picture, the fears would have come self-pictured, in some shape or other—

Headless, bear, black-man, or ape—

but, as it was, my imaginations took that form.—It is not book, or picture, or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T. H. who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra*, in his own “thick-coming fancies;” and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire—stories of Celæno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types—the archetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that, which we know in a walking sense to be false, come to affect us at all?—or

—Names, whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not?

Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects, considered in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury?—O, least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or, without the

body, they would have been the same. All the cruel, tormenting, defined devils in Dante—tearing, mangling, choking, stifling, scorching demons—are they one half so fearful to the spirit of a man, as the simple idea of a spirit unembodied following him—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.*

That the kind of fear here treated of is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless upon earth—that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy—are difficulties, the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadow-land of pre-existence.

My night-fancies have long ceased to be afflictive. I confess an occasional night-mare; but I do not, as in early youth, keep a stud of them. Fiendish faces, with the extinguished taper, will come and look at me; but I know them for mockeries, even while I cannot elude their presence, and I fight and grapple with them. For the credit of my imagination, I am almost ashamed to say how tame and prosaic my dreams are grown. They are never romantic,—seldom even rural. They are of architecture and of buildings—cities abroad, which I have never seen, and hardly have hope to see. I have traversed for the seeming length of a natural day, Rome, Amsterdam, Paris, Lisbon—their churches, palaces, squares, market-places, shops, suburbs, ruins, with an inexpressible sense of delight—a map-like distinctness of trace—and a day-light vividness of vision, that was all but being awake. I have travelled among the Westmoreland fells—my highest Alps,—but they were objects too mighty for the grasp of my dreaming recognition; and I have again and again awoke with ineffectual struggles of the “inner eye,” to make out a shape in any way whatever, of Helvellyn. Methought I was in that country, but the mountains were gone. The poverty of my dreams mortifies me. There is C——, at his will can conjure up icy domes, and pleasure-houses for Kubla Khan, and Abyssinian maids, and songs of Abara, and caverns,

Where Alph, the sacred river, runs,

to solace his night solitudes—when I cannot muster a fiddle. Barry Cornwall has his tritons and his nereids gamboling before him in nocturnal visions, and proclaiming sons born to Neptune—when my stretch of imaginative activity can hardly, in the night season, raise up the ghost of a fish-wife. To set my failures in somewhat a mortifying light—it was after reading the noble Dream of this poet, that my fancy ran strong upon these marine spectra; and the poor plastic power, such as it is, within me set to work, to humour my folly in a sort of dream that very night. Methought I was upon the ocean billows at some sea nuptials, riding and mounted high—with the customary train sounding their conchs before me, (I myself, you may be sure, the *leading god*,) and jollily we went careering over the main, till just where Ino Leucothea should have greeted me (I think it was Ino) with a white embrace, the billows gradually subsiding, fell from a sea-roughness to a sea-calm, and thence to a river-motion, and that river (as happens in the familiarization of dreams) was no other than the gentle Thames, which landed me, in the wafture of a placid wave or two, safe and inglorious somewhere at the foot of Lambeth palace.

The degree of the soul's creativeness in sleep might furnish no whimsical

* Mr. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

criterion of the quantum of poetical faculty resident in the same soul waking. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, and a humorist, used to carry this notion so far, that when he saw any stripling of his acquaintance ambitious of becoming a poet, his first question would be,—“Young man what sort of dreams have you?” I have so much faith in my old friend’s theory, that when I feel that idle vein returning upon me, I presently subside into my proper element of prose, remembering those eluding nereids, and that inauspicious inland landing.

ELIA.

FROM THE LADIES’ MONTHLY MUSEUM.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

(Concluded from page 539.)

“Though the walls and roof of the abbey-church are still perfect, the windows are open, and afford a view of the interior. On the western side, there is one large window in particular, through which a considerable portion of the one of the side walls may be perceived. It was in this direction I approached the dilapidated pile, at the time of which I am speaking. There is a ledge, or projecting space on a line with the upper tier of windows. It forms a sort of corridor on each side of the edifice; and though it is wide enough for a person to stand on, it must, from its great height, be extremely dangerous; and it is at present inaccessible, as the staircase by which it was formerly approached is quite ruinous, and the passage leading to it is blocked up with rubbish, which has fallen from a higher part of the building. I am thus particular in describing the place, as I wish to convince you, that no deception could have been practised on me, and that what I witnessed, as I believe it to be otherwise unaccountable, must have been supernatural. When I had got within a hundred yards of the abbey, casting my eyes accidentally towards the large western window, which afforded a view of the inside, I observed beneath one of the side windows, a glimmering light, for the appearance of which I could in no way account. I continued to advance, though not without increased agitation of mind. What then will you suppose were my feelings, when, on drawing nearer, I beheld the figure of a female dressed in white flowing garments, standing on the ledge I have before mentioned, which extended along the wall, below the upper windows of the abbey? It was the apparition of my deceased wife. She slowly waved her hand towards me. In this I could not be deceived: I beheld the motion as plainly as I can see the lineaments of your face at this moment. Till now, as I before said, I retained complete possession of my senses; but here my feelings overpowered me, and I sunk to the ground in a state of insensibility. The damp chill of the dewy grass, however, probably soon revived me. On recollecting myself, I looked immediately for the object of my alarm, but it had vanished, and the wall presented a uniform appearance of shade. Returning home, I retired to bed; and during the imperfect slumbers which occurred, I seemed to behold the form of my Louisa standing where I had really seen her. I thought she descended to meet me, and I was about to clasp her in my arms, when I awoke. In the morning, I felt languid and sick. However, in a few days, being sufficiently recovered, I ventured out alone in the evening to the spot whence I had witnessed the apparition; but it was not visible. Since then, however, I have repeatedly seen it; and what affords me a convincing proof that it is produced by no natural cause, is the circumstance, that it is never apparent but at the stated period so mysteriously alluded to by my deceased wife. I cannot, indeed, say, that I have seen it every month; but each visitation has been separated from the last, by an interval of exactly a month; and I have more than once, in vain, watched for it, in the intermediate period.”

Such was the story of my friend, to which I listened with some surprise. The first impression on my mind was, that imagination alone had operated in producing the alarming spectre ; but a little reflection induced me to conjecture, that some natural phenomenon, for which my friend was not able to account, had assisted in promoting his delusion. After a short pause, I asked him when he expected again to see the apparition. "In three days," replied he. "Well then," returned I, "my opinion, or at least the expression of it, shall be suspended till then. After you have afforded me the means of judging for myself, as to the cause of your alarm, I shall much better know what to think of it." "You shall," said he, "accompany me ; and if it should not be visible to your eyes, as it will be to mine, I must despair of convincing you that I am not the dupe of my own imagination."

Here we dismissed the subject, and I own that I waited with anxious curiosity for the expected opportunity of unravelling the cause of the strange spectacle which had operated so powerfully on the susceptible mind of my friend. At the time prefixed, we went to the place whence the supposed spectre had been visible. On looking through the large western window towards the wall which has been already described, it was, as my friend had remarked, entirely shaded ; for the moon which shone brightly cast its beams on the outside of it, and, of course, could not, by its direct rays, illuminate that part of the wall on which we were looking. We waited about a quarter of an hour, not without impatience on my part, and I was just about to express an opinion that the spectre would not appear, when my friend exclaimed, "It is coming ! There is the light which always precedes it." I looked, and at first could see nothing ; but in a very short space of time a portion of the wall became faintly illuminated. I observed it attentively, and perceived the enlightened spot gradually to assume a shape, which bore a degree of resemblance to a figure in a female dress. My friend seemed to be extremely agitated. "Well," said he, "do you now believe me ?" I was engaged in examining the object, and did not immediately reply ; and on turning towards him a minute afterwards, for that purpose, he seemed to be so violently affected by the spectacle we had witnessed, that I thought it best to lead him from the place, and we accordingly went back to his house. He soon recovered sufficiently to converse with calmness on the cause of his alarm. I could plainly perceive that he was a good deal disappointed to find, that though I did not choose to admit the truth of his opinion of this phantasm, I could give no satisfactory explanation of my own. At length I asked him, if he had ever seen the supposed ghost for two nights together. He said, he had not ; for being persuaded, after the second time of its appearance, that he knew the period at which it would return, he neglected visiting the spot at any other season. "Let us then," said I, "watch for the phantom to-morrow night ; and if you have courage enough to venture with me into the abbey, we shall there be able, if it appear, more accurately to observe it ; and after a little more acquaintance with it, I do not doubt being able to give you a more decisive and satisfactory opinion about it. He did not seem to relish the proposal, but I at last got him to promise that he would accompany me on the following evening. When the time came, I believe he would willingly have avoided fulfilling his engagement ; but on my assuring him, that I thought I could point out to him the natural cause of the phenomenon, his curiosity got the better of his fears, and we set out.

I was unwilling to trust any one with our purpose, therefore, we went unaccompanied into the abbey, the keys of which he had procured. Walking into the midst of the edifice, we observed the moon shining through the open windows on the side where we had the night before seen the mysterious figure. The wall was now shaded. Leaving my friend to watch for the appearance of the phantom, I employed myself in taking a survey of the oppo-

site side of the building. I had not long been thus engaged, when he cried—"Yonder it is." I turned my eyes to the place, and observed an illuminated line, which, in a few minutes grew broader, and at length made an appearance very similar to that of the foregoing night. My friend caught hold of my arm. "Do not be alarmed," said I, "we shall soon know the cause of this phantom." I turned to look at the opposite wall, and immediately saw that the supposed spectre was nothing more than the light reflected from a white marble monument, illuminated by the beams of the moon, shining through one of the windows over against it. All the phenomena were now easily to be accounted for. The *spectrum* could only appear for a few nights when the moon was near the full, because at that time only did its rays reach the monument. The marble was of a square figure, surmounted by an oval tablet. The enlightened image falling on the wall in a slanting direction, was narrower than the monument itself, and presented to the view a figure, which, in its outline, much resembled a female in a leaning posture. Indeed, on examining it attentively while it lasted, I did not at all wonder, that amidst the combination of circumstances which had accompanied it in my friend's imagination, it had acted so strongly on his feelings, and been considered as something supernatural. The apparent motion of the figure, which was noticed, might be caused by a light cloud passing swiftly over the face of the moon, if it did not indeed depend entirely on the fancy of the observer.

It is hardly necessary to remark that I had the satisfaction of seeing my friend cured of the prejudices he had conceived, and restored to a state of tranquillity of mind, which formed a pleasing contrast to the restless, yet gloomy anxiety, which was so visible in his manner and behaviour when we met.

FROM THE EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

IMPEDIMENTS OF SPEECH.

All impediments of speech may be divided into two kinds, *natural* and *artificial*. *Natural* impediments arise from a diseased or misconstrued state of the organ of speech. *Artificial* impediments are certain acquired habits, occasioned by a false application of the organs, and other causes. *Natural* impediments are so very rare, that not *one* case in *five hundred* of those affected with impediments of speech, can be traced to physical causes. But there are *other* causes that operate most powerfully in preventing those afflicted with impediments, from submitting to a proper course of tuition; and, finally, of having them completely removed.—Medical men too frequently assert, when any case of marked impediment of speech is submitted to their examination, that it arises from a deficiency, or malconformation of the organ of speech; and is therefore incurable. This is most distressing, because many of these very cases, however, have been found to be purely *artificial*, and under proper management, and a due course of tuition, the supposed *natural* impediments have been completely removed.—Another prevailing opinion, which has a powerful effect in preventing any attempt to remove impediments of speech, without any respect to the *origin* of the evil, is, that they are incurable, and of course, without farther investigation, it is taken for granted that all plans to effect a cure are nugatory and delusive. This opinion has, unfortunately, been too frequently confirmed by the misgiving of success with those, who, without hesitation, pretend to remove all impediments of speech, natural or artificial.—Parents and guardians ought to know, that impediments of speech are, in most cases, contagious, and are often attended with the most serious consequences, where there are younger branches in the family;—that many impediments, which,

had they been taken in time, might have been easily removed, increase by habit to such a degree, as to induce imbecility of intellect;—that they are the means of preventing the acquisition of the most important branches of education, and, of course, the improvement of the mind;—that they operate as a complete exclusion from those useful and eminent situations, offices and professions, for which the person afflicted with impediments of speech, is, in every other respect, peculiarly qualified;—that they exclude from society, or render silent when in it, those who might hold a conspicuous rank in the most learned and intellectual circles;—that their attempts at conversation, even on the most trivial subjects, and in the bosom of their own family, never fail to put their most intimate friends to the blush; and their violent contortions, and nervous affections, are painful in the extreme to themselves, and excessively disagreeable to all with whom they converse.—When such consequences follow the generality of artificial impediments of speech, is it not highly culpable for those parents and guardians, who are responsible for the education of the young people placed under their care, to neglect the most early and favourable means of having all impediments of speech and defects of utterance eradicated, before they grow into habits, which no scientific knowledge can overcome, and which baffle every attempt, even at any degree of amelioration? To develop organs of speech previously inactive, to give distinctness of articulation to unintelligible muttering, musical enunciation to minced and harsh sounds, to give speech to the mute, and fluency of utterance to the convulsive stammerer, are objects, we think, of no ordinary degree of importance.

FROM THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

KOTZEBUE.

In the winter of 1799, the celebrated Kotzebue, whose wife was a native of Livonia, and who had left his children at St. Petersburg, determined to visit Russia. In vain did his friends attempt to dissuade him from a journey replete with dangers, on account of the despotic character of the Emperor Paul, who outraged all the laws of civilized nations. The free ingress into Russia being intercepted, he obtained a passport from Baron Krudener, the Russian minister at Berlin; and on the 10th of April, 1800, he left Weimar, accompanied by his lady and three young children, to enter upon that momentous journey, which he himself has minutely described under the title of "The most memorable year of my life."

Baron Krudener had recommended Kotzebue to write to the emperor, and ascertain his majesty's intentions; but he treated the matter lightly, as he did all the admonitions he received on his road through Prussia. On his arrival at Polangen, the first Russian town, he was arrested, and sent with his wife and family to Mittau. His papers were seized and conveyed to the governor; his pockets were turned inside out, and he was stripped of every scrap of paper he had about him.

The governor of Mittau said he must send Kotzebue and his papers to St. Petersburg, and he was given in charge of the aulic counsellor, Schstchekatichin. Here he was separated from his wife and children. When they had passed through Riga, Kotzebue discovered that they were not going the road to St. Petersburg, when he was told that they were taking him to Tobolsk. This disastrous information made him resolve to attempt his escape. He prevailed with the chancellor to stop for the night at a solitary inn, on an estate called Stockmanushof, situated on the frontiers of Livonia, which belonged to a chamberlain of the

Russian court, named Von Beyer. At two o'clock in the morning, he succeeded in making his escape, concealed himself all day in the neighbouring woods and morasses, got entangled in swamps, and at eleven o'clock at night, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, he reached the country seat of Von Beyer. His appearance threw this nobleman into the greatest embarrassment. Kotzebue entreated him to save him from banishment into Siberia, by sending him well disguised to one of his remote estates, where he might remain concealed.

Mr. and Mrs. Beyer were wavering about what could be done, when a friend of theirs, whose name was Brescius, pointed out the danger, as well as the impracticability, of successfully concealing Kotzebue. He, however, persisted in claiming the chamberlain's protection, without ever considering the misery which his concealment would bring upon an innocent family. His entreaties were, however, unavailing, and he was recommended to accept of a bed in a detached part of the castle, the usual residence of the private tutor and secretaries in the family, and of strangers. On going thither, he was accompanied by five or six peasants, who were set as guards over him.

The next morning, while Kotzebue was engaged in writing letters to his wife, to the emperor, and to the Austrian ambassador at the court of Russia, he was informed that the counsellor and the messenger of the senate, who were to attend him to Siberia, had just arrived at the castle. Neither of them muttered a single word of reproach, but they contented themselves with securing his money, promising at the same time to supply him with whatever he should have occasion for on the road. This precautionary measure was performed with so much lenity, that he secreted a purse of a hundred roubles, which a female in Madame de Beyer's service had given him.

Before their departure from Stockmanushof, he was provided with a bed-gown lined with fur, a cloth mantle, night caps, boots, provisions, and other travelling necessities. In their journey they passed through Polosk and Smolensk, and reached Moscow on the 7th of May. Kotzebue being seriously indisposed, asked in vain first for a physician, then for a notary to make his will, and lastly for a clergyman. All the three requests were refused, but he was allowed to write a few lines to his wife. The following day they left Moscow, passed through Tiumen, the first town in Siberia, and reached Tobolsk on the 11th of June. "At the sight of this town," says Kotzebue, in his narrative, "the counsellor gave himself up to the most immoderate transports of joy; he joked, sang many a tune, and laughed incessantly, without showing the smallest symptom of that delicate feeling which inspires us with respect for the unfortunate. He appeared like an executioner, who, having successfully severed the head of a malefactor from its trunk at one blow, looks around smiling, and seems to solicit the applause of the spectators for his dexterity."

At Tobolsk, where Kotzebue was most kindly received by the governor, M. Von Kuscheff, he learned, to his great surprise and alarm, the emperor's orders assigned the government, but not the town of Tobolsk, for his residence. At the recommendation of the governor, he selected Kurgan, which is four hundred and forty wersts further from Tobolsk, but is in a milder climate. Kotzebue remained at Tobolsk a few weeks, to recruit his health; during which time he wrote a memorial to the emperor, in which he respectfully wished to be informed of the crime laid to his charge; he also wrote ten different letters to his wife, which he intrusted to the care of some German merchants.

On the 25th of June, Kotzebue, under the escort of a subaltern, and attended by an Italian he had taken into his service, proceeded from Tobolsk to Kurgan, where, thanks to the letters of recommendation from the governor of the country, he was most cordially received by his fellow sufferers. He soon arranged himself in his lodgings, as comfortable as the state of the town and his own situation would allow. His way of living, he describes minutely in his narrative. "I rose," said he, "at six in the morning, studied the Russian language for one hour; as not a person in the town spoke any other, it was absolutely necessary for me to acquire its knowledge. I then took my breakfast, and passed several hours in writing an account of my misfortunes. After this task, which at length had almost become pleasant to me, I usually walked for an hour on the banks of the Tobol, in my bed-gown and slippers, as I could get there unobserved from my house through the yard. I had marked out the extent of two wersts for my daily walk. At my return, I used to read for about an hour, generally in Seneca. I then sat down to my frugal dinner; after which I indulged in a nap, and then took up Pallas' or Gmelins' Travels, till Sokoloff, a Polish exile, called to take the diversion of shooting with me. On our return from our sports, he commonly drank tea with me, over which we repeated the story of our misfortunes, imparted to each other our hopes, or feebly combated each other's fears. After he was gone, I again read Seneca, amused myself with a solitary game at cards, called *grande patience*, and went to bed more or less depressed, (I am almost ashamed to own it) as the cards had been more or less in my favour.

"As I was always passionately fond of the sports of the field, the permission to shoot, procured me a very agreeable diversion. Another of my recreations, in which I took much delight, was the salutary exercise of walking on the banks of the Tobol."

While Kotzebue was endeavouring to strengthen his fortitude by a persevering study of Seneca, he formed a plan of escape, in case his beloved wife should have been permitted to join him in Siberia. It was to affect a progressive decay of health, and at last a total derangement of mind; and after two months, to create the suspicion of having drowned himself in the Tobol. His death was to be reported at St. Petersburg, and he himself to be forgotten, when he might have secretly returned to Esthonia with his wife, and thence got to Sweden, and so into Germany. But the fortunate turn which his affairs took soon after, prevented the attempt, and inevitable miscarriage of such an adventurous plan.

The exile of Kotzebue was neither of long duration, nor attended with any aggravating circumstances, except the separation from a beloved wife and a tender family. The good people of Kurgan, with a generous sympathy for persons in misfortune, received him with open arms; and his happiness was still greater, when they began to admire him as an author.

Some weeks elapsed before he could have received any tidings of the effect of his memorial at court; when on the 19th of July, 1800, a horseman despatched by the governor of Tobolsk arrived, to inform him officially, that a messenger of the senate had brought orders from the emperor, for Kotzebue's immediate return. The more his banishment had been unexpected, the greater were his joys and raptures at the recovery of his liberty. Out of complaisance for the good inhabitants of Kurgan, who took such a heartfelt interest in the fortunate change of his situation, he consented not to leave them on that day, which was a solemn religious festival. The next day he set off for Tobolsk, where he arrived on the

21st, and was most affectionately received by the governor, but felt great disappointment in having no account whatever of his wife and children. The written orders of the imperial attorney-general, to the governor, only enjoined him "to set the within-named Kotzebue, committed to his keeping, immediately at liberty; to send him forthwith to Petersburg, and to furnish him, at the expense of the crown, with whatever was necessary or agreeable to him."

Kotzebue did not long remain at Tobolsk, but hastened to Moscow, and thence to St. Petersburg, where, to his inexpressible joy, he met with his wife and children. Count Pahlen had informed his lady on the 29th of June, that the Emperor Paul had recalled her husband from Siberia, and permitted her to reside with him at Petersburg. Kotzebue passed the first days of his recal in a tumult of joy, and among scenes of happiness and festivity. On the 25th of August, 1800, he received the copy of an imperial edict, by which the Emperor Paul bestowed upon him the estate of Worrekull, situated in Livonia, and belonging to the crown, which contained four hundred peasants, and yielded an annual revenue of 4000 roubles. He was afterwards appointed manager of the German theatre, with the title of an imperial aulic counsellor, and an annual salary of 5000 roubles. He also received several valuable presents from the emperor; and what perhaps he valued beyond them all, permission to return to Germany.

Variety.

A LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

A young Neapolitan of rank having a strong passion for the military service, and despairing of an opportunity of acquiring distinction in his own country, resolved to seek employment in the Austrian army. With this view, he set out for Vienna, furnished with some letters of recommendation. On the road thither, he came to an inn in the Austrian territory, where he found himself with three strangers, with whom he desired permission to sup; and as travellers are commonly glad of having company he was readily enough admitted. The strangers were Germans. At the table the Neapolitan related his story, and told them what his views were. One of the strangers, after having very composedly heard him, told him he thought he was on a bad plan, for that after so long a peace, and such a prodigious number of the Austrian nobility as wanted employment, he saw little likelihood of a stranger obtaining a post in the army. The young gentleman answered, that he was determined to continue his journey; that he felt all the justness of the reasons opposed to him; that in truth, there was but little chance of his succeeding; but that it was, however, not quite impossible, that on observing his thorough good will for the service, something might be done to procure him an introduction into it. To this, he added a fair account of himself; named the respectable person by whom he was recommended; and still allowing that there was hardly any prospect of realizing his hopes, he confessed he could not prevail upon himself to give them wholly up. The Austrian traveller, who had been the first to dissuade him, then said, "Well, since nothing can put you off your project, I will give you a letter for General Lacy, that may be of use to you." The Neapolitan pursued his journey. On his arrival at Vienna, he waited on General Lacy, and delivered him all his letters of recommendation, excepting that of the traveller, which he happened to have mislaid. The general read them, and told him he was very sorry he could not serve him, there being an absolute

impossibility just then of procuring any appointment for him. The Italian had laid his account with some such answer, but did not absolutely give the point up; and, accordingly, for several days he continued to present himself at the general's levee. At length, he laid his hands upon the letter which he had mislaid, and carried it to the general, to whom he made an excuse for having forgotten it, giving him to understand, as he related in what manner he came by it, that he had not annexed to it much importance. The general opened it, appeared surprised, and after having read it, "Do you know," said he, "who it was that gave you this letter?" "No." "It was the Emperor himself (Joseph II.). You ask me for a lieutenant's commission, and he orders me to give you a captain's."

FRENCH REFUGEES.

No event, either in ancient or modern times, ever created so many exiles as the French revolution; notwithstanding the difficulty which often occurred of escaping from the merciless fangs of the guillotine, by which so many thousands were immolated in the sacred name of liberty. The following numerical estimate of the emigration from France, between the 14th of July, 1789, and the 6th of November, 1790, was published at Paris, by order of the Directory. The total number was 124,000, including

9000	Women of the nobility.
16,930	Noblemen.
28,000	Priests.
404	Belonging to the parliament.
8492	Nobles in the military profession.
9933	Landed proprietors.
2867	Lawyers.
230	Bankers.
7801	Merchants.
324	Attorneys (<i>notaires</i>).
528	Physicians.
540	Surgeons.
3268	Farmers.
2000	Nobles in the naval service.
22,729	Artisans.
2800	Servants.
3000	Wives of artisans.
3033	Children of both sexes.
4428	Nuns (<i>religieuses</i>).

England, notwithstanding the long cherished national enmity, was the first, last, and best asylum of the French emigrants, who were not only received and treated with the utmost individual hospitality, but had also the most munificent support from the British government; a support which was never for a moment withheld, from the commencement of the revolution, until after the restoration of the Bourbons. The following sums granted, during a period of eight years only, by parliament, for the relief of the suffering clergy and laity of France, are a proud monument of national liberality.

In 1795	£136,959.
1796	269,440.
1797	379,000.
1798	12,677.
1799	233,574.
1800	302,798.
1801	277,772.
1802	173,535.

It appears from the registers of the alien office, that on the 28th of February, 1800, the number of French emigrants residing in Great Britain, was 9774. Of these, 5621 were clergy, and 4153 laity, including 530 domestic servants.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

When the last descendant of the unfortunate regal line of Stuart, the Cardinal de York, had been completely deprived of all his property by the ravages of the French in Italy, his majesty, George the Third, settled upon him an annuity of four thousand pounds out of the privy purse; for which he received the most grateful thanks of the venerable exile, through Sir John Cox Hixpesley, who had taken an active part in recommending his misfortunes to the British monarch.

The Cardinal de York, the last of his race, died at Rome in 1807. A short time previous to his decease, he bequeathed to the Prince of Wales (George the Fourth), two objects on which he set a very high value. These were the insignia of the Garter, which had been worn by Charles the First; and a valuable ring of very high antiquity, which had been always worn by the kings of Scotland on the days of their coronation. His majesty no sooner heard of his demise, than with the most benevolent and liberal spirit, he ordered a pension of two thousand pounds per annum to be paid, out of the privy purse, to the Countess of Albany, the widow of the young Pretender, who was now left destitute by the death of her brother-in-law.

His majesty, George the Fourth, has since caused a splendid monument to be erected to the memory of the Cardinal de York at Rome.

NEW GAME OF CHESS.

Giuseppe Ciccolini of Rome has published a description of a new game of chess, under the title of *Tentativo di un nuovo Giuoco di Scacchi*. The board is so much enlarged that instead of 64 squares, it contains 100, and in order still farther to increase the variety of moves, and the complexity of the game, a new piece is added, which the author denominates 'The Elephant.' He has also considerably extended the power of the Bishop, to which he allows the same movements as the Rook, with the exception of their being confined to its own colour. Nor has the Knight been less favoured, since his progress through the board is now almost unlimited.

FOUR GREAT MEN.

In a small private chapel in Bristol, there is a marble tablet, on which there is the following inscription, to the memory of four of the greatest friends of humanity that perhaps ever lived. It was written by a late worthy individual, John Birtel, on hearing of Lord Nelson's victory off Trafalgar.

John Howard,
Jonas Hanway,
John Fothergill,
Richard Reynolds.

"Not unto us, O Lord! but unto thy name, be the glory.

"Beneath some ample, hallowed dome,
The warrior's bones are laid;
And blazon'd on the stately tomb,
His martial deeds display'd.
Beneath an humble roof we place
This monumental stone,
To names the poor shall ever bless,
And charity shall own.

To soften human woe their care,
To feel its sigh, to aid its prayer;
Their work on earth, not to destroy;
And their reward, their master's joy."

The following anecdote is related by Mr. Buckingham of Hadjee Ahmet Pasha of Acre, commonly called Jezzar, or the Butcher:—

“He was a man famous for his personal strength, his ferocious courage, his cruelty, and his insatiable avarice, as well as for the great power which the active exertion of all these qualities together procured for him. Some short time before his decease, he was conscious of the approach of death; but so far from showing any remorse for his past actions, or discovering any indications of a wish to make atonement for them, the last moments of this tyrant were employed in contriving fresh murders, as if to close, with new horrors, the bloody tragedy of his reign. Calling to him his father-in-law, Sheikh Taha, as he himself lay on the bed of death, ‘I perceive,’ said he, ‘that I have but a short time to live. What must I do with these rascals in my prisons? Since I have stripped them of every thing, what good will it do them to be let loose again naked into the world? The greatest part of them are governors, who, if they return to their posts, will be forced to ruin a great many poor people, in order to replace the wealth which I have taken from them; so it is best, both for their own sakes and for that of others, that I should destroy them. They will then be soon in a place where they will neither be permitted to molest any one, nor be themselves exposed to molestation. Yes, yes! that’s best!—despatch them!’ In obedience to the charitable conclusion of this pathetic apostrophe, twenty-three wretches were immediately added to the long list of the victims of Jezzar Pasha’s cruelty; and, it is said, they were all of them thrown into the sea together, as the most expeditious mode of execution.”

IMPORTANCE OF DOING QUICKLY.

The benevolent Dr. Wilson once discovered a clergyman at Bath, who he was informed was sick, poor, and had a numerous family. In the evening, he gave a friend fifty pounds, requesting he would deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown person. The friend replied, “I will wait upon him early in the morning.” “You will oblige me by calling directly. Think, sir, of what importance a good night’s rest may be to that poor man.”

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

Pliny the Younger, who was one of the greatest orators of his age, did not make his profession an object of gain, like the rest of the Roman orators, but refused fees from the rich, as well as from the poorest of his clients; and declared that he cheerfully employed himself for the protection of innocence, the relief of the indigent, and the detection of vice. He was the friend of the poor, and the patron of learning. He contributed largely towards the expenses which attended the education of his countrymen; and liberally spent part of his estate for the advancement of literature, and for the instruction of those whom poverty otherwise deprived of the advantages of a public education. He made his preceptor, Quintilian, and the poet Martial, the objects of his benevolence. When the daughter of the former was married, Pliny wrote to the father with the greatest condescension; and observing that he was rich in the possession of learning, though poor in the goods of fortune, he begged of him to accept, as a dowry for his beloved daughter, 50,000 sesterces. “I would not,” continued he, “be so moderate, were I not assured from your modesty and disinterestedness, that the smallness of the present will render it acceptable.”

Pliny hearing that one of his intimate friends was involved in debt, and much embarrassed, immediately took the management of his affairs into his own hands, satisfied every claim, and became the sole creditor. When this friend died, his daughter, Calvina, would have given up her father’s effects;

but Pliny not only forgave her all that her father owed him, but even added a considerable sum to her fortune, when she was married.

GENUINE RELIGION.

The Duke of Guise, who commanded the Catholic armies in France against the Hugonots, when at Rouen, narrowly escaped being killed by a soldier, who was put under arrest and carried before the duke. The soldier confessed his crime, and when asked what had influenced him in his desperate attempt, replied, "I had determined to kill you, that I might deliver religion from one of its most powerful adversaries." "If your religion," replied the duke, "teaches you to assassinate one who never injured you; mine, agreeably to the principles of the gospel, commands me to pardon you. Go and judge which of the two religions is the most perfect."

BENEVOLENT GAMESTERS.

A very respectable gentleman, who had an aversion to cards, but did not wish to seem unfashionable in a family where he often visited, and where public days for play were set apart, found himself under the necessity of playing deep. It was his good fortune, however, generally to be successful. After some years of intimacy, the master of this family took him aside one day, and imparted to him the melancholy secret, that his affairs were in a most embarrassed state. The gentleman expressed his concern at his friend's distress, and entreated him not to despair.

On his return home, he opened a private drawer in his bureau, in which he had nightly deposited his winnings at the card tables in his friend's house; and the next day he insisted on refunding the sum this inconsiderate man and his family had lost. It was sufficient to save his friend from instant imprisonment, and to give a turn to his affairs; but he restored it only on condition that they should never play at cards again.

The late General Scott, so celebrated for his success in gaming, was one evening playing very deep with the Count D'Artois and the Duke de Chartres, at Paris, when a petition was brought up from the widow of a French officer, stating her various misfortunes, and praying relief; a plate was handed round, and each put in one, two, or three louis d'ors; but when it was held to the general, who was going to throw for a stake of five hundred louis d'ors, he said, "Stop a moment if you please, sir, here goes for the widow!" The throw was successful; and he instantly swept the whole into the plate, and sent it down to her.

Casimir II. King of Poland, received a blow from a Polish gentleman, named Konarski, who had lost all he possessed while playing with the prince. Scarcely was the blow given, when sensible of the enormity of his crime, he betook himself to flight, but was soon apprehended by the king's guards, and condemned to lose his head. Casimir, who waited for him in silence amid his courtiers, as soon as he saw him appear, said, "I am not surprised at the conduct of this gentleman. Not being able to revenge himself on fortune, it is not to be wondered at, that he has ill-treated his friend. I am the only one to blame in this affair, for I ought not by my example, to encourage a pernicious practice which may be the ruin of my nobility." Then turning to the criminal, he said, "You, I perceive, are sorry for your fault—that is sufficient; take your money again, and let us renounce gaming for ever."

TRUE CHRISTIANITY.

When Mr. Cumberland, the dramatist, was on a diplomatic mission at Madrid, he was taken very ill, and was not expected to recover. In this state he was visited by the Abbe Don Patricio Curtis, an Irishman by birth, but who had been above half a century settled in Spain, and preceptor to

three successive Dukes of Ossuna. This excellent old man, then above eighty years of age, who was universally respected for his virtues and generous benignity of soul, lamented that Mr. Cumberland had no spiritual assistant of his own church to resort to. He then offered, if the doors of the room were secured, and he was provided with a Prayer Book, to administer the sacrament exactly as it is ordained by the Protestant Liturgy. To this Mr. C. consented; when the venerable man read the whole of the prayers, and officiated in the most devout and impressive manner.

THE CALMUCKS.

In the year 1771, the Calmucks, or Torgouts, to the number of 300,000, returned to their native seats on the frontiers of the Chinese empire. The march and the return of those wandering Tartars, whose united camp consists of fifty thousand tents or families, illustrate the distant emigrations of the ancient Huns.

It was in the first century of the Christian era, that the Huns were subdued by the Sienpi, a tribe of Oriental Tartars. Above one hundred thousand persons, the poorest indeed, and the most pusillanimous of the people, were contented to remain in their native country, to renounce their peculiar name and origin, and to mingle with their conquerors. Fifty-eight hordes, about two hundred thousand men, ambitious of a more honourable servitude, retired towards the south; implored the protection of the Emperor of China, and were permitted to inhabit and to guard the extreme frontiers of the province of Chansi, and the territory of Ortoos. But the most warlike and powerful tribes of the Huns, maintained in their adverse fortune the undaunted spirit of their ancestors. The western world was open to their valour; and they resolved, under the conduct of their hereditary chieftains, to discover and subdue some remote country, which was still inaccessible to the arms of the Sienpi, and to the laws of China. The course of their emigration soon carried them beyond the mountains of Iwans, and the limits of the Chinese geography; and the two great divisions of these formidable exiles directed their march towards the Oxus, and towards the Volga.

The first of these colonies established their dominion in the fruitful and extensive plains of Sogdiana, on the eastern side of the Caspian. The second division of their countrymen, who gradually advanced towards the northwest, were exercised by the hardship of a colder climate, and a more laborious march. Necessity compelled them to exchange the silks of China, for the furs of Siberia; the imperfect rudiments of civilized life were obliterated; and the native fierceness of the Huns, was exasperated by their intercourse with the savage tribes, who were compared with some propriety to the wild beasts of the desert. As late as the thirteenth century, their transient residence on the eastern banks of the Volga, was attested by the name of Great Hungary. In the winter they descended with their flocks and herds towards the mouth of that mighty river; and their summer excursions reached as high as the latitude of Saratoff, or perhaps the conflux of the Kama. Such, at least, were the recent limits of the black Calmucks, who remained about a century under the protection of Russia; and who have, after an exile of nearly seventeen centuries, returned to the land from which they had been banished.

MOREAU.

Whatever share Moreau might have had in the conspiracy of Pichegru and Georges, to overturn the first consul, and it is difficult to acquit him of some participation in it, there is little doubt that his military talents and his popularity were what Bonaparte most feared; he therefore readily gave countenance to a prosecution in which his rival was involved. When Bo-

naparte caused the general to be arrested, he said, "I might have made Moreau come to me, and have said to him, 'Listen, you and I cannot remain on the same soil; go, therefore, as I am the strongest;' and I believe he would have gone, but these chivalrous manners are puerile in public matters."

Moreau was tried and condemned to two years imprisonment; which, at his own request, was changed into perpetual banishment.

The United States of America were selected by Moreau for his exile; and there he lived in peaceful retirement until the year 1812; when the invitation of the Emperor of Russia to take up arms against his country, caused him to sacrifice his honour and his life. Moreau arrived in Europe at the time that the reverses of Bonaparte had given some hopes of limiting his power. He had lost a fine army in Russia; and although he had again taken the field, yet he had to contend against the now confederated forces of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. Great hopes were entertained from the military talents of Moreau, as well as his known popularity with the French. Louis XVIII. gave him unlimited powers respecting France, pledging his word to take no measures of internal or external policy without him; and intending to give him the rank of constable of France, the highest honour a sovereign could bestow.

Moreau joined the allied armies in August, 1813, and first raised his arm against that country, in fighting for which he had acquired so much glory, at the battle of Dresden. He was in the act of giving some opinion on military matters, while passing with the Emperor of Russia behind a Prussian battery at the commencement of the engagement, when a ball struck his thigh, and almost carried off his leg, passed through the horse, and shattered his other leg to pieces. He was conveyed off the field in a litter; both his legs were amputated, an operation which he bore with the utmost fortitude, smoking all the time; but a mortification took place, and he died on the 3d of September, three days after he had received the fatal wound. In the midst of his suffering, he wrote the following affectionate letter to his wife.

"My dear Love—At the battle of Dresden, three days ago, I had my two legs carried off by a cannon ball. That scoundrel Bonaparte is always fortunate. The amputation was performed as well as possible. Though the army has made a retrograde movement, it is not at all the consequence of defeat, but from a want of *ensemble*, and in order to get nearer General Blucher. Excuse my hasty writing. I love and embrace you with all my heart. Rapatel will finish. V. M."

When Bonaparte was told that Moreau was mortally wounded by a cannon ball, he instantly exclaimed, "The finger of Providence was there!" and Louis XVIII. then in England, on learning the circumstances of his death, said, "J'ai perdu ma couronne une seconde fois."

Science.

Compiled for the Saturday Magazine.

From Mr. Maxwell's Observations on the Countries of Congo and Loango.

Antelope.—The Antelope is about the size of the common deer. As an article of food, it contributes much to the support of the inhabitants. The flesh is prepared and seasoned with Palm-oil, salt, and Cayenne pepper, and is then called Sylla mamba. The skin is used for various purposes.

The Antelopes are seen at times in such immense herds, as almost to exceed belief. Once, about the middle of November, when dropping down the river, I was gratified with a most interesting sight; the whole country between Taddi-lem Weenga and Ganga Empeenda, a distance of five leagues,

was covered with Antelopes down to the river. We fired several rounds of cannister shot at them, but apparently without effect. The mountains on this bending reach of the river, recede considerably inland, forming a beautiful amphitheatre, over the sloping surface of which the Antelopes had spread themselves. Were I, at a venture, to estimate their numbers at 30,000, I should conceive myself far within bounds; for that would not give above six hundred to a square mile,—a small number considering the appearance they made. It must be remembered, however, that, as seen from the ship, their numbers appeared to the greatest possible advantage; but, on the other hand, we may suppose that the undulations of the ground concealed many of them from view.

With the exception of a clump of aged trees here and there, which gave a high finishing to the landscape, the whole of this slope was free of brush, or any other sort of wood. The withered grass had been burned down in October, and was now succeeded by luxuriant herbage of the most lively green, which although very little rain had fallen as yet, had sprung astonishingly in length, and presented an appearance like the wheat crops of Britain when covering the clod,—an adequate invitation, no doubt, for the vast herd that browsed upon it.

On the steep banks of the river, the natives have formed inclined landing places for their own convenience. Here, when the wild animals are under the necessity of coming to quench their thirst in the dry season, they conceal themselves, and when an Antelope enters the narrow pass, they appear behind and drive it into the water, where it is soon despatched by people stationed in canoes for that purpose.

During the dry season, large hunting parties are formed, who surround the place where the greatest quantity of game is known to be, and set fire to the withered grass. The flaming circumference of the circle diminishes with noisy rapidity, emitting so intense a heat, that no animal dares to attempt a passage. An opening, therefore, is purposely left, at which the most expert marksmen are stationed, who generally kill a sufficient quantity.

Another mode of hunting the Antelope, only had recourse to when the grass cannot with safety or convenience be set on fire, is to encircle an entire district with a cordon of people, at proper distances from one another. Each individual is provided with a piece of red cloth, which he fastens to the end of his spear, and waves it over his head. In this manner, the whole circumference advances as towards a centre, and with shouts and cries at last coops up the terrified animals within a very small space, where great numbers are killed whilst attempting to escape.

Hydraulic Weighing Machine.—M. Henry, an engineer of the French royal corps of roads and bridges, has presented to the Academy of Sciences a plan for a new hydraulic machine, the object of which is, to weigh loaded boats in the same manner as carriages are weighed, by means of loaded scales. The machine, it is said, will operate under water, without preventing the boats from continuing to float. This new invention may be usefully applied to the collection of customs on navigable canals.

The magistrates of Glasgow, at the suggestion of the Philosophical Society of that city, are trying experiments for illuminating the dials on their church steeples with gas, so as to render the hour visible during the night.

Ærolite.—The Paris papers mention, that the stone which fell from the clouds on the 23d of June, at Javinas, in the department of Ardèche, is now exhibiting to the public. Several amateurs have made proposals for purchasing this wonderful stone, which has excited great speculation among naturalists. An English mineralogist has, we understand, offered a considerable sum for it.

Literature.

Tax upon Literature and Science.—We rejoice to learn that a petition has been presented to Congress by the University of Virginia, praying for a repeal of the duty upon books imported into the United States. It surely cannot fail to be granted.

The Imperial Philanthropic Society of St. Petersburg, have ordered the *Lives of Ralph Sandiford, Benjamin Lay, and Anthony Benezet*, by Roberts Vaux, esq. to be translated into the Russian language.

It is announced, that M. De Chateaubriand is preparing for publication the complete works of his celebrated friend the late M. De Fontanes. Among his inedited pieces, a *Life of Louis XI.*, and a *Course of Literature*, are particularly mentioned.

Some inedited pieces of Voltaire have recently been published at Paris from original manuscripts. The letters from him to Thiriot, and to his niece, Mademoiselle De Fontaine, are said to furnish many curious anecdotes.

The following Courses of Lectures will be delivered in the ensuing season, at the Surrey Institution:—On Painting, by C. F. Pack, esq.; to commence the 2d of November.—On the Elements of Chemical Science, by J. Murray, esq. F. L. S., M. W. S., &c.; the 6th of November.—On Music, by W. Crotch, Mus. D., Professor of Music in the University of Oxford; and on Natural Philosophy, by Mr. C. F. Partington, early in 1822.

Miss Macauley has a new work in the press, entitled *Tales of the Drama*, founded on the most popular acting plays.

It is confidently stated, in the *Memoirs of the Kit-Cat Club*, just published, that the great Scottish Novelist has received from one bookseller alone, Archibald Constable, of Edinburgh, nearly one hundred thousand pounds. If this account be correct, and it is given with an appearance of authenticity, it is quite impossible that any one but Sir Walter Scott should have written them, as it is only by taking into consideration the sums paid to this successful writer for his poetry and philology, that so large a sum can be accounted for. The author of *Waverley*, for his works of *fiction* has not certainly received more than from fifty to sixty thousand pounds.

The Rev. F. Millman is preparing for the press, a dramatic poem, entitled *The Martyr of Antioch*.

Miss Lucy Aikin is preparing *Memoirs of the Court of King James I.*

Poetry.

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

'Tis morning—the shops are all open—the cries
And week-day sights meet our ears and our eyes,
As the loaded wagons pass us,
With wheels sticking out a yard at least,
And housings grotesque that make every beast
Look like the London Bonassus.

'Tis church-time, and half of the shops are half shut,
Except in the quarters of trade, where they put
At defiance what Louis enacted;
The streets are as full as before—and I guess
The churches are nearly as empty, unless
Some mummary pageant is acted.

When worship becomes a theatrical show
Parisians of course most religiously go
To pray—for the forwardest places,
Where best they may see a fine puppet for hours
Before a fine altar of tinsel and flowers
Perform pantomimic grimaces.

Some gaze on his shoes and his gloves of white kid,
Or the jewels with which every finger is hid,
Or his flounces of violet satin;
Other eyes on his laces and mitre are kept,
Attentive to all his performance—except
The prayers that he mumbles in Latin.

The senses give thanks—no responses are made,
And when there's a pause in the form and parade
The orchestra strikes up a chorus;
The women then ask, who is that?—who is this?
While the men slyly ogle the singers, and kiss
Their hands to the sweet Signoras.

Is there nothing of fervour?—O yes, you may mark
Some hobbling old crones in a vestibule dark,
Who dab in the holy lotion
Shrivell'd fingers to cross their forehead and breast,
Then kneel at a chapel with candles dress'd,
And kiss it with blind devotion.

They pour from the church—and each fair one begs,
As she crosses the gutter and shows her legs,
To know what is next intended;
For Sunday's devoted to pleasure and shows,
And the toils of the day of rest never close
Till both day and night are ended.

One talks of Versailles—or St. Cloud—or a walk,
And a hundred sharp voices that sing, not talk,
Instantly second each mover;
Some stroll to the Bois de Boulogne; others stray
To the Thuilleries, Luxembourg, Champs Elysées,
The Garden of Plants, or the Louvre.

But the dinner-hour comes—an important event!
What pondering looks on the *cartes** are now bent!
And how various—how endless the fare is,
From the suburb Guinguette, to where epicures choose
Fricandeaus, fricassées, consommés, and ragouts,
At Grignon's, Beauvillier's, or Very's.

Some belles in the Thuilleries' walks now appear,
While loungers take seat round about them—to sneer,
To chat—read the papers, or slumber.
In disposing the chairs there are different whims,
But one for the body, and two for the limbs,
Are reckon'd a moderate number.

The Boulevards next are the grand rendezvous,
Where parties on parties amusement pursue,
A stream of perpetual friskers,
From the pretty Bourgeoise and the trowser'd *Commis*,
The modern Grisette, and the ancient Marquis,
To the Marshal of France in whiskers.

Crowds sit under trees in defiance of damps;
Th' Italian Boulevard, with its pendulous lamps,
By far is the smartest of any—
With bare elbows, slim waists, and fine bonnets dress'd out,
Each Parisian beauty may there have a rout
For the price of the chair—a penny.

English women are known by their dresses of white ;
 The men by superior neatness and height,
 They talk of gigs, horses, and ponies ;
 All look twice as grave as the French—yet their laugh,
 When they choose to indulge it, is louder by half,
 And they turn in, of course, at Tortoni's.

The theatres open, some thirty or more—
 All are fill'd, yet the crowd seems as thick as before,
 Regardless of mud, or of weather ;
 You'd swear it were carnival-time—and in sooth
 The town is a fair—every house is a booth
 And the people all crazy together.

What braying of gongs—what confusion of tongues !
 What a compound of noise from drums, trumpets, and lungs !
 Each striving his neighbour's to smother ;
 Mimes, mountebanks, conjurers, each have their rings,
 While monkeys and dancing-dogs—roundabouts—swings—
 Are so thick, they encroach on each other.

Here's a dwarf, and a monster, both beautiful sights !
 And there is the man without fingers, that writes
 With his chest, and his grinders after,
 Both done so well, you can't say which is worst ;—
 There Judy and Punch with a cat is rehearsed,
 Which would move a hermit to laughter.

Every mansion as full as the street appears ;
 By the mirrors up stairs, and the chandeliers,
 You may see quadrilling bodies ;
 Below some smoke in the *Estaminets*,
 While others take ice, Roman punch, and *sorbets*,
 Or chat to the Bar-maid Goddess.

In all, gaming claims indiscriminate love :
 The dice-box and billiard-ball rattle above,
 If you pass by a palace or stable.
 Below, at the corner of every street,
 Parties of shoe-blacks at cards you may meet,
 The blacking-box serving as table.

The Palais Royal is a separate fair,
 With its pickpockets, gamblers, and nymphs debonnaire,
 Of character somewhat uncertain :
 But as it is late, and these scenes, I suspect,
 Won't bear a detail too minute and direct,
 For the present we drop the curtain. [*New Monthly Mag.*]

STANZAS

On hearing that the late Lady W——r's artificial flowers remained in her hair
 to the last; the severity of her illness precluding change of dress.

Oh! take those roses from her hair,
 That such a cruel brightness wear;
 Their frightful beauty shocks us now,
 While pain contracts her pallid brow.
 Had they been cull'd from Nature's breast,
 In all their dewy sweetness drest;
 Like her—we should have seen them fade,
 Like her—wan, drooping, and decay'd.
 But these—the glaring gifts of art,
 No touch of sympathy impart,
 Wearing one fix'd—triumphant glow,
 In mockery of our bitter wo!

[*Id.*]